

Eastport, July 21, 1835.
Tuesday - noon. 6

My very dear, gentle and affectionate Wife:

I hasten to relieve your anxious mind, by informing you of our safe arrival at this port. We left Boston harbor with a fair but moderate breeze, and soon tested the excellent speed of our packet by passing several vessels which had got under weigh some time before us. We mustered, altogether, as many as 16 or 18 passengers - three of them females - of whom a more minute account when we meet. During the first 24 hours, the breeze continued favorable, and the sea very gentle; so that on Sabbath evening, we had completed two-thirds of our passage, and had a pretty fair prospect of eating our breakfast next morning in Eastport! Before midnight, however, the wind died away, and we were becalmed until the afternoon, when a slight breeze sprung up, which was soon succeeded by a fog so dense as to prevent us seeing scarcely a rod from the vessel. Night was now approaching, and much anxiety was felt, as we were near the shore, but could not tell precisely our position. I was lying in a dozing mood in my berth, when I heard the cry of "Breakers!" To gain the deck was but the work of a moment. We were so near the breakers, that we could toss a biscuit upon them - the fog

13. Aunt Charlotte sends her love to all the household, individually.

~~the~~ continuing thick and impenetrable. We had scarcely got through this difficulty, when we were saluted with the cry of "Rocks ahead!" And sure enough, our vessel was heading directly on to a towering mass of rocks, as ugly and terrific as a land-bubber would wish to see on a summer's day. At this moment, most providentially, the breeze increased in strength, and we were enabled barely to clear the reef:—but we saw a schooner, looking like a specter in the fog, in a yet more perilous situation, and whether she got clear we do not know. However, as there was no gale, and the sea was comparatively calm, it is not probable that the lives of those on board would have been put in extreme peril, had either of the vessels struck—although the vessel itself might have been lost. Well—this, as you may suppose, was a serious moment. Aunt Charlotte was excessively alarmed, but the passengers generally behaved with commendable firmness. Now came the cry of "Land O!" and we found ourselves close under the bluff of West Inddy Head, looking like a beautiful heap of coral, piled up in most fantastic forms. As soon as we weathered this, we felt our danger to be past, and had now an almost certain chance of eating our supper (seeing we had been cheated out of our breakfast) in this place. Disappointment was again our lot. The fog became so dense as to defy all calculation in regard to our course, although our captain has no superior for skill or experience; but this playing blind man's bluff under such circumstances is too puzzling for human fore-

sight or success! We continued awhile to sail hap-hazard at a brisk pace, when all at once we found ourselves fast upon the flats - and after essaying in vain, for an hour or two, to get her off into deep water, we concluded to give the vessel and ourselves no further trouble during the night. As the tide left her, she of course fell over on one side, and our berths were far from being comfortable. Thus we lay, within only four miles ~~from~~ Eastport, and only 46 hours from Boston!

By day-break, the next morning, a boat came along-side; and as there was no prospect of getting the vessel off during the day, we concluded to charter this conveyance, to carry us to Eastport. So, putting our luggage into it, and all the passengers into the schooner's long-boat, we were rowed ashore to Lubec - thence we travelled half-a-mile on the sand, on foot, to the opposite shore - and from thence we were speedily conveyed to our desired haven, where we arrived about 7 o'clock, this morning, rejoicing to land once more upon terra firma. All last night I was afflicted with the tooth-ache, and all this morning have been almost frantic with it. The first thing to be done was to find a hotel - next, get up our trunks - next, for myself to get shaved (and I was shaved very neatly by a woman!) - next, get breakfast for aunt and myself, though I was in too much pain to enjoy it - next, put some peppermint upon lint into my tooth, and bathe the outside of my face with it - next, tie up my face with a handkerchief - next, get into bed, and try to get some sleep. After all this, the next thing in course, after reposing for two hours, was to get up, and write this letter to you. My tooth has grown more amicable, my nerves begin to be more steady, and my head is clearer.

Neither aunt nor myself was sea-sick enough on the passage to make us vomit, but enough to make us feel most disagreeably, and to spoil our appetite. On the whole, we have had a quick and favorable passage, and ought to be thankful to the Giver of all good gifts.

We have not had time to hunt up our relations, but shall commence our researches forthwith. From the window at which I sit, Deer Island is easily seen, upon which several of them reside. We shall go down to it

House of Garrison & Knapp
Boston, Mass.



Helen E. Garrison,

Long Is. N.Y.

to-morrow morning. From thence, we expect to go St. John, on Thursday, in the steam-boat; and from thence, tarrying a day or two at that place, to Annapolis and Granville, where my aunt Nancy resides, in good circumstances.

Be assured, dearest, that I shall use all despatch to return home. Luckily, perhaps, my means will not allow me to be long absent from you. I trust you are well - that sister Sarah is also, and happy - that Messrs. Knapp and Benson are safe guardians - and that all will go well with us, both at home and abroad.

Yours, with immeasurable love, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.